

Almost Meaningless

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Summary: A Spartan endures a battle on instillation 05, and contemplates the point of victory.

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Please don't mug me! I was having trouble thinking of an idea for my other story, and I accidentally came up with this, so I decided I'd write this. My favorite Spartan has been the Master Chief, but of the lesser known ones, Will has always my favorite, so I used him for the main character, it might suck, so don't like yell at me and... stuff.

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo, or its characters.

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Spartan-043 flexed his armored bicep. The metal creaked under the stress, the suit had been through a lot; the battle that raged around him reminded him constantly of that. A nearby explosion shook the soil that he was squatted upon. He ejected the empty clip out of his MA5B assault rifle and slapped a new one in, it settled with a satisfying clack. The ammo count read full and he peeked around the edge of the boulder that was used as cover. A plasma charge skimmed his suit, his shields flashed at the impact. He swore to himself and ducked behind the obstacle; a hail of electric blue streaked by where his head had been moments before.

He unclipped a pineapple grenade from his belt, tore the pin away, and lobbed the explosive over his shoulder, and onto the battlefield. It flew over in a beautiful arch and the surprised howl of an Elite gave Will a feeling of satisfaction. A resounding explosion jarred his suit. He smirked and turned to observe the destruction he had just caused. A large charred crater marked the area where the grenade

detonated. A ring was formed from the bodies of a couple Grunts. The Elite that was obviously in command of the small troop was inexperienced, apparent from the hue of his armor, it was a deep shade of blue, now spattered with bits of blue and violet blood.

Will smiled to himself, until he noticed the glint off burnished steel, the thick steel of a Wraith. The devastating vehicle would tear through the Earth forces; they didn't even have armor to counter it. The Field Commander had requested air support and armor support. It hadn't arrived yet. A ball of concentrated plasma was spewed from the main weapon. It arched neatly; its trajectory was recognized by the Spartan, it would land near him, very near. He would be fried.

Will swore under his breath and bounded out from behind the stone. The projectile landed only two meters from his position his shields flared, and died. The internal temperature of his suit skyrocketed; the plasma had created a large, glassy scorch mark in the barren dirt. Tendrils of steam rose from the impact site. -043 sprinted to the tank, he rolled under the craft, the small space left under it due to its hovering properties gave him enough room to slide under it, and to its back.

He rolled to his feet on the opposite side and gripped a small ridge in the turret. His gauntleted hand bent the polished metal. He pulled the rest of himself up and stuck the base of the turret. It cracked, and he struck again. The alien material groaned under the blow; he swung once more. The base of the turret broke off and bits of metal clattered to the ground. The cockpit was seen through a small opening, he dislodged a plasma grenade that had been looted from a Grunt; and shoved it through the crack. There was a muffled roar of rage. The Spartan leaned back and fell into a roll, there was a brilliant sapphire explosion from inside the vehicle, the Wraith's left fin dragged in the dirt and the levitation engines faded from existence, it crashed into the soil.

On his HUD, Will noticed five hostiles approaching from behind; he turned to see a trio of maroon clad Elites brandishing plasma rifles and needlers. There was a Grunt that looked utterly confused, and there was also a platinum Elite wielding an energy sword. Things looked grim, and he was tired. His face contorted into an image of pure concentration. The Elites growled, determined to slay the Demon in front of them. One of the crimson Elites fidgeted with the trigger on their needler, they were waiting for him to make the first move.

The Spartan glanced to his right, then his left. Not a friendly in sight, they must have retreated into the forest. He was by himself in this fight. A barrage of pink spines were seeking a target, he rolled to the right, sighted down the barrel of his rifle, and squeezed the trigger. A string of bullets impacted upon the shields of all the foes present, he thanked whatever holy beings for the spread effect. The Grunt wailed as a bullet was sent into its tiny skull, it exploded out the back of the head in a shower of luminous blood; a hole was punched in its methane pack. The Elites' shields were still strong, and they were angry, they roared.

The Spartan's mind worked quickly, methane was flammable. A correctly placed grenade would cause the group to go up in an inferno. He

reached for a fragmentation grenade; none left. The silver Elite charged and snarled something in its alien tongue. Will knew he wouldn't stand a chance against the blade, it would cut him to smoldering ribbons. He had moderate skill in hand-to-hand combat, but didn't know if he was good enough to defeat a high ranking Elite. The enemy raised the weapon; its glow illuminated the contemptuous look on the Elite's face. It was pure hatred, and Will didn't know why he was hated. The sword came down and the Spartan had a fraction of a second to drop his weapon and deflect the weapon arm. The arm was swept aside and he countered with a jab to the face.

The shields flashed from the blow, and dulled to nothing. The enemy was exposed, and its subordinates would not fire, knowing that they might hit their Commanding Officer. They clicked their mandibles with aggravation. The Spartan was watching his current opponent's every move; he was motioning for a sideways swipe. He only saw one way to counter, a deflection with his arm and ducking under the blade. He did just that. The triangulated blade of energy came sweeping for his head, so he raised his wrist and caught the Elite at the wrist. The blade was now angled upwards, and Will ducked under the blow and elbowed the Elite in the stomach. The internal temperature of his suit was higher than ever, it was sizzling, reading 54 degrees Celsius; he sweated within the armor.

His shields flashed from the blow he inflicted, the Elite howled with pain; a shallow hole had formed where he had struck, violet blood spilled from the wound. The Elite collapsed and its eyes clouded over. Its comrades grunted and took aim at the now open target. The scream of Archer missiles filtered through his helmet, contrails streamed overhead and fire blossomed behind the menacing Elites. They were surprised, he could tell, it seemed as though the air support had finally arrived. Warthogs and Scorpions rumbled across the dirt, and Marines waved forward, signaling for advancement. Will sighed, and retrieved his discarded weapon, and charged with the rest of the Marines. It was business as usual; it was the norm for a Spartan. Always fighting, always killing and razing.

Sitting in his quarters back at HQ, he cleaned and inspected his assault rifle. He reviewed the battle, a victory for the humans; a victory on the second ring-world. It didn't seem to matter to Will, it didn't change anything. The Covenant was still plenty powerful, one defeat for them wouldn't faze them, and they would be back in full force soon. Just another battle, more would have to be fought, many more. It was the norm. He would have to work harder than ever to help the humans in the fight. His efforts were almost meaningless, but almost was something. The Spartan sighed and resumed inspecting his weapon.

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I thought about making this a multi-chaptered story, and I might still, depends on the responses I get. If I'm chased off the internet, then I'll probably still make it multi-chaptered, but if I'm like hunted down because it's so awful, I'll probably not... Yeah.

End  
file.